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THE

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THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A

POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR
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THE

DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: they have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external ſenſes, they relate to matter and motion; and, at the ſame time, give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened, that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recal the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture,

directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, is conſequently become an unlimited repreſentative of every ſpecies and mode of being. Yet as their intention was only to expreſs the objects of imagination, and as they ſtill abound chiefly in ideas of that claſs, they of courſe retain their original character; and all the different pleaſures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleaſures of Imagination.*

The deſign of the following poem is to give a view of theſe in the largeſt acceptation of the term; ſo that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and

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all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, muſic, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of thoſe principles in the conſtitution of the human mind, which are here eſtabliſhed and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was neceſſary, firſt of all, to diſtinguiſh the Imagination from our other faculties; and, in the next place, to characterize thoſe original forms or properties of being, about which it is converſant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the underſtanding. Theſe properties Mr. Addiſon had reduced to the three general claſſes of greatneſs, novelty, and beauty; and into theſe we may analyſe every object, however complex, which, properly ſpeaking, is delightful to the imagination. But ſuch an object may alſo include many other ſources of pleaſure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a ſtronger impreſſion by reaſon of this concurrence. Be-

ſides which, the imitative arts, eſpecially poetry, owe much of their effect to a ſimilar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination, inſomuch, that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes; or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions. It was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of pleaſure; eſpecially that from the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurpiſing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from ridicule, came

next to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtyle became neceſſary; ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject: nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profeſſed ſatire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular pleaſures which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt kind is that various

and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems, in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas, and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and, on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects deſcribed. Then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with propriety by the Author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Vir-

gil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages. It admits of a greater variety of ſtyle; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation; and, eſpecially with the aſſiſtance of rhime, leads to a cloſer and more conciſe expreſſion. Add to this the example of the moſt perfect of modern poets, who has ſo happily applied this manner to the nobleſt parts of philoſophy, that the public taſte is in a great meaſure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the ſubject before us, tending almoſt conſtantly to admiration and enthuſiaſm, ſeemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured ſtyle. This too appeared more natural, as the Author's aim was not ſo much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as by exhibiting the moſt engaging proſpects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination; and, by that means, inſenſibly diſpoſe the minds of men to a ſimilar taſte and habit of thinking in religion, morals,

and civil life. It is on this account that he is ſo careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human conſtitution here inſiſted on; and alſo to unite the moral excellences of life in the ſame point of view with the mere external objects of good taſte; thus recommending them in common to our natural propenſity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The ſame views have alſo led him to introduce ſome ſentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the ſubject; but ſince they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultleſs model of didactic poetry, will beſt ſupport him in this particular. For the ſentiments themſelves he makes no apology.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleaſing to the imagination. The natural variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The idea of a fine imagination, and the ſtate of the mind in the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which it affords. All the primary pleaſures of the imagination reſult from the perception of greatneſs, or wonderfulneſs, or beauty in objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from novelty or wonderfulneſs, with its final cauſe. Pleaſure from beauty, with its final cauſe. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the ſtudy of moral philoſophy. The different degrees of beauty in different ſpecies of objects: colour; ſhape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The ſublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Concluſion.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK FIRST.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous Imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent; and with thee

Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
The wand'ring footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A poet's name; for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar

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High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes,
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths, erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rowling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn

Draw forth, diſtilling from the cleſted rind,
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee pourtray'd
That uncreated Beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul

At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs; the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles; the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the Sublime,
The Wonderful, the Fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays

His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.

Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd *
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt

* In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe godlike geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured, that Nature had "not intended man for a low-ſpirited or ignoble being: "but bringing us into life and the midſt of this wide "univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled at ſome he-"roic ſolemnity, that we might be ſpectators of all "her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation "for the prize of glory; ſhe has therefore implanted in "our ſouls an inextinguiſhable love of every thing great "and exalted, of every thing which appears divine be-"yond our comprehenſion. Whence it comes to paſs, "that even the whole world is not an object ſufficient "for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, "which often ſallies forth beyond the limits of all that "ſurrounds us. Let any man caſt his eye through the "whole circle of our exiſtence, and conſider how eſpeci-"ally it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will "ſoon acknowledge for what enjoyments and purſuits "we were deſtined. Thus, by the very propenſity of "nature, we are led to admire, not little ſprings or "ſhallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the

His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent,
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs control of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul

" Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all,
" the Ocean," etc.---Dionyſ. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Diſdains to reſt her heaven-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm:
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold *,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;

* "Ne ſe peut-il point qu'il y a un grand eſpace au "dela de la region des etoiles? Que ce ſoit le ciel em- "pyree, ou non, toujours cet eſpace immenſe qui envi- "ronne toute cette region, pourra etre rempli de bon- "heur & de gloire. Il pourra etre concu comme l'ocean, "ou ſe rendent les fleuves de toutes les creatures bien- "heureuſes, quand elles ſeront venues a leur perfection "dans le ſyſteme des etoiles."---Leibnitz dans la Theo- dicee, part. i. § 19.

And fields of radiance, whoſe unfaded light *
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Even on the barrier of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below:
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges: ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallowed up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovran Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,

* It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed ſtars at ſuch a diſtance from our ſolar ſyſtem, as that their light ſhould not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Expand the blooming ſoul? What pity then,
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty Wiſdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active power
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect *

* It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them. But the influence of habit is oppoſed to this obſervation; for there, objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider, that, when objects at firſt agreeable, loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly paſſive, and the perception involuntary; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes choice and activity accompanying it: ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's conſcious determination of its own activity; and conſequently increaſe in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to reſolve or act at all. In this caſe, the appearance muſt be accounted for, one of theſe ways.

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative, The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs: this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar; and the mind, finding it at laſt entirely removed, reckons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Conſequently

Of all familiar proſpects, though beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire *
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,

the mind being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion. In which caſe, a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it; by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

* Theſe two ideas are oft confounded; though it is evident the mere novelty of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of wonder: whereas wonder indeed always implies novelty, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper: and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhimes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terror quell'd.

But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe

In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine!
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heaven!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, through Nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic iſles,
And range with him th' Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters glow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd ſhades,
The ſmooth Peneus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink

With ancient Pan: while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial Gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And ſpring's Elyſian bloom. Her flowery ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks; diſcloſing, as it bends
With hairy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſures ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of Nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd ſing: then all th' enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn,
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when ſhe ſtood

Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd,
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the Tritons tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cerulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To ſeek th' Idalian bower. Ye ſmiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young deſire with rival ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty; if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superſtition dreſs'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful ſong
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chaſe,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active uſe are ſtrangers? Is her charm
Confeſs'd in aught, whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? Or did Nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And catch with fair hypocriſy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares

Th' indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still moſt illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native powers moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of Deſire,
And ſanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whoſe boſom ſmiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of ſtreams delicious to the thirſty ſoul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to ſenſe,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a ſtate ſincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accompliſh'd. Thus was Beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miſtreſs of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one*:

* "Do you imagine," ſays Socrates to Ariſtippus, "that "what is good is not beautiful? Have ye not obſerved "that theſe appearances always coincide? Virtue, for "inſtance, in the ſame reſpect as to which we call it "good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful alſo. In "the characters of men we always † join the two deno- "minations together. The beauty of human bodies "correſponds, in like manner, with that economy of "parts which conſtitutes them good; and in every "circumſtance of life, the ſame object is conſtantly ac- "counted both beautiful and good, inaſmuch as it an-

† *This the Athenians did in a peculiar manner, by the word* καλοκαγαθὸς καλοκαγαθία.

And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
With like participation. Wherefore then,

" ſwers the purpoſes for which it was deſigned." Xenophont. Memora. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent obſervation has been illuſtrated and extended by the noble reſtorer of ancient philoſophy; ſee the Characteriſtics, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422; and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly ſhewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the ſciences. " In-" quiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and " virtue, Treat. 1. § 8." As to the connection between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philoſophers aſſert an independent and invariable law in nature, in conſequence of which all rational beings muſt alike perceive beauty in " ſome certain propor-" tions, and deformity in the contrary." And this neceſſity being ſuppoſed the ſame with that which commands the aſſent or diſſent of the underſtanding, it follows of courſe, that beauty is founded on the univerſal and unchangeable law of truth.

But others there are, who believe beauty to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent proviſion in nature to annex ſo delightful a ſenſation to thoſe objects which are beſt and moſt perfect in themſelves, that ſo we might be engaged to the choice of them at once, and without ſtaying to infer their uſefulneſs from their ſtructure and effects; but that it is not impoſſible in a phyſical ſenſe, that two beings, of equal capacities for truth, ſhould perceive one of them beauty, and the other deformity, in the ſame proportions. And upon this ſuppoſition, by that truth which is always connected with beauty, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to thoſe proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that ſpecies is found to depend. Polycletus, for inſtance, a famous ancient ſculptor, from an accurate menſuration of the ſeveral parts of the moſt perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or ſyſtem of proportions, which was the rule of all

O ſons of earth! would ye diſſolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a raſh impetuous aim,
Seek ye thoſe flowery joys with which the hand
Of laviſh fancy paints each flattering ſcene
Where Beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poiſonous charms
Of baleful Superſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deſerts, thorns and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt, amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells;
To walk with ſpectres through the midnight ſhade,

ſucceeding artiſts. Suppoſe a ſtatue modelled according to this; a man of mere natural taſte, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confeſſes and admires its beauty; whereas a profeſſor of the art applies his meaſures to the head, the neck, or the hand, and without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanſhip to be juſt and true.

And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where Wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then ſhould my powerful verſe at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors: then in light divine
Diſcloſe th' Elyſian proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms, through blooming walks
Through fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of ſages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pauſe to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre;
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,

When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bleſs heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vaſt majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt, in th' effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts

With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are given,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our enraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal origin, whoſe power,
Through all th' unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
MIND, MIND alone, (bear witneſs, earth and heav'n!)

The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime; here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd,
Celeſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy:
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe*
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the Morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?

* Cicero himſelf deſcribes this fact--------"Caeſare "interfecto-----ſtatim cruentum alte extollens M. Brutus "pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei "recuperatam libertatem eſt gratulatus."----Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

The graceful tear that ſtreams for others woes?
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvy'd treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undiſmay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and th' eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts!
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind

There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of Truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where Virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of Truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake*
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by Fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade

* According to the opinion of thoſe who aſſert moral obligation to be founded on an immutable and univerſal law; and that which is uſually called the moral ſenſe, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earlieſt aſſociations of ideas.

Beholds her moving like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the ſacred paths
Of Nature and of Science; nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That ſoothes this vernal evening into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of ſtrife and low ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth

To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of art, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum's * walk, the green retreats
Of Academus †, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Ilyſſus ‡ pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields, may I unblam'd,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praiſe
Of Nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

* The ſchool of Ariſtotle, † The ſchool of Plato.
‡ One of the rivers on which Athens was ſituated. Plato, in ſome of his fineſt dialogues, lays the ſcene of the converſation with Socrates on its banks.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſeparation of the works of Imagination from philoſophy, the cauſe of their abuſe among the moderns. Proſpect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſions. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution illuſtrated by an allegorical viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK SECOND.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? When ſhall we be-
behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas! how faint,
How ſlow the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force:
Oft has the gloomy North, with iron ſwarms
Tempeſtuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blaſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
Of liberty and wiſdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night. As long immur'd

In noontide darkneſs by the glimmering lamp,
Each muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
The ſordid hours; while foul barbarian hands
Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
At laſt the muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds *,
And, wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's† bowers
To Arno's ‡ myrtle border and the ſhore
Of ſoft Parthenope §. But ſtill the rage ‖

* About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a ſort of ſtrolling bards or rhapſodiſts, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at feſtivals with muſic and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and ſatire; and abounded in a wild and fantaſtic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. Theſe were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taſte and compoſition muſt have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by thoſe who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; ſuch as Boiardo, Bernardo, Taſſo, Arioſto, &c.

† The famous retreat of Franciſco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his miſtreſs Laura, a lady of Avignon.

‡ The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

§ Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Taſſo was born at Sorrento in the kingdom of Naples.

‖ This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. Theſe at laſt, in conjunction with the papal power, entirely extinguiſhed the ſpirit of

Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims, and from the buſy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating ſcience to the cells,
Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
In ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts *
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,

liberty in that country, and eſtabliſhed that abuſe of the fine arts, which has been ſince propagated over all Europe.

* Nor were they only loſers by the ſeparation. For philoſophy itſelf, to uſe the words of a noble philoſopher, "being thus ſevered by the ſprightly arts and ſciences, "muſt conſequently grow droniſh, inſipid, pedantic, "uſeleſs, and directly oppoſite to the real knowledge and "practice of the world. Inſomuch that a gentleman, "ſays another excellent writer, cannot eaſily bring "himſelf to like ſo auſtere and ungainly a form: ſo greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the "fineſt gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had the pleaſure of obſerving a very great progreſs made towards their union in England within theſe few years. It is hardly poſſible to conceive them at a greater diſtance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke ſtood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general ſpirit of liberty, which has ever ſince been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of perſuaſion gave them with the people, by applying them to ſubjects of importance to ſociety. Thus poetry and eloquence became conſiderable; and philoſophy is now of courſe obliged to borrow of their embelliſhments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

To prieſtly domination and the luſt
Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
In vain reluctant; and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for ſlaviſh pæans at the throne
Of tinſel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their proſtrate necks
The ſable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant æra dawns
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore
In full proportion, once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred powers of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof.
There ſhall the virtues, there ſhall Wiſdom's train,
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of arts,
The muſes and the graces. Then no more
Shall Vice, diſtracting their delicious giſts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: the harmonious muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant

Their ſheltering laurels o'er the bleak aſcent,
And ſcatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the muſe her lore; already ſtrove
Their long-divided honours to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we ſang
Of truth and beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe,
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment; o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice

In thoſe delights which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn
To every eye; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun
Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps, and languid pain!

Or ſhall I mention, where celeſtial Truth
Her awful light diſcloſes, to beſtow
A more majeſtic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his underſtanding's eye,
Than all the blandiſhments of ſound his ear,
Than all of taſte his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have ſhone ſo pleaſing, as when firſt
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the ſun-beams, gleaming from the weſt,
Fall on the wat'ry cloud, whoſe darkſome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling ſhower
Piercing through every cryſtalline convex
Of cluſt'ring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal ſurface of each glaſſy orb

Repels their forward paſſage into air;
That thence direct they ſeek the radiant goal
From which their courſe began; and, as they ſtrike
In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Aſſume a diff'rent luſtre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy,
That ſprings to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, Wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing every part, and gaining ſtill
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whoſe favour'd ſteps
The lamp of ſcience through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her ſecret honours: whether in the ſky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the penſile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-ſuſtaining earth,
Or fine-adjuſted ſprings of life and ſenſe,
Ye ſcan the counſels of their Author's hand.

What, when to raiſe the meditated ſcene,
The flame of paſſion, through the ſtruggling ſoul
Deep-kindled, ſhows acroſs that ſudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vaſt of ſize,

With fiercer colours and a night of ſhade?
What? like a ſtorm from their capacious bed
The ſounding ſeas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of theſe eruptions working from the depth
Of man's ſtrong apprehenſion, ſhakes his frame
Even to the baſe; from every naked ſenſe
Of pain or pleaſure diſſipating all
Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb faſhion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then Nature ſpeaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their ſouls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
Th' impetuous nerve of paſſion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims,
Nor ſhews of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,
From paſſion's power alone our nature holds *

* This very myſterious kind of pleaſure, which is often found in the exerciſe of paſſions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by ſeveral authors. Lucretius reſolves it into ſelf-love:

"Suave mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleaſed in being moved at the diſtreſs of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhappy, yet he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety. The ingenious author of the "Reflections critiques ſur la Peinture,"

Eſſential pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce relapſe
Rouſes the mind's whole fabric; with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps th' elaſtic powers
Intenſely pois'd, and poliſhes anew
By that colliſion all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Incumb'ring, choak at laſt what Heaven deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does every paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of love; becomes
The radiant ſmiles of joy, th' applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter ſhower
That ſorrow ſheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
Th' unalter'd will of Heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age: Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools

accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive ſtate: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends theſe emotions when natural and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pleaſure, which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy and epic, deſerved a very particular conſideration in this poem.

Of wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſp'ring voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have ſtol'n unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
What time pale autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When ſtarting full on Fancy's guſhing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentleſt Wiſdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewel
Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
As with the hand of death. At once the ſhade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarſer murmuring ſhook the branches. Dark
As midnight ſtorms, the ſcene of human things
Appear'd before me; deſerts, burning ſands,

Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth,
And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of ſuperſtition there infect the ſkies,
And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious Heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot theſe,
Not theſe portents thy awful will ſuffice?
That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
They riſe to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flaſhing torrent of celeſtial day
Burſt through the ſhadowy void. With ſlow deſcent
A purple cloud came floating through the ſky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove,
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his ſhoulders, mantling to his knee,

Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd,
I read his office high and ſacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike preſence; for athwart his brow
Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like diſtant thunders broke the murm'ring air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
Capacious of this univerſal frame?
Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? To lift thy voice
Againſt the ſovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union, and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
Of ſoft'ning ſorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart
Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then

The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!

He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,
And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue.

I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,
A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
With many a ſable cliff and glittering ſtream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling ſprings
Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channell'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods
With hoarſer inundation; till at laſt

They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
Of that high deſert ſpread her verdant lap,
And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
In one ſmooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils
Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-incircling mound
As in a ſylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſt'ning powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in ſilence hung,
And wond'ring expectation. Then the voice
Of that celeſtial power, the myſtic ſhow
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given *

* The account of the economy of Providence here introduced, as the moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have come originally from the Pythagorean ſchool: but of the ancient philoſophers, Plato has moſt largely inſiſted upon it, has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his capacious underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one

The gracious ways of Providence to learn, 305
Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear—

paſſage ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuaded the reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſomewhat long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſatisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The Being "who preſides over the whole, (ſays he) has diſpoſed "and complicated all things for the happineſs and virtue of "the whole, every part of which, according to the ex- "tent of its influence, does and ſuffers what is fit and "proper. One of theſe parts is yours, O unhappy man, "which, though in itſelf moſt inconſiderable and mi- "nute, yet being connected with the univerſe, ever "ſeeks to co-operate with that ſupreme order. You in "the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which "all particular natures are brought into exiſtence, that "the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be "perfect and happy; exiſting, as it does, not for your "ſake, but the cauſe and reaſon of your exiſtence, "which, as in the ſymmetry of every artificial work, "muſt of neceſſity concur with the general deſign of "the artiſt, and be ſubſervient to the whole of which "it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant "and groundleſs; ſince, according to thevarious energy "of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is "a conſtant proviſion of that which is beſt at the ſame "time for you and for the whole.---For the governing "intelligence, clearly beholding all the actions of ani- "mated and ſelf-moving creatures, and that mixture "of good and evil which diverſifies them, conſidered "firſt of all by what diſpoſition of things, and by what "ſituation of each individual in the general ſyſtem, "vice might be depreſſed and ſubdued, and virtue made "ſecure of victory and happineſs with the greateſt fa- "cility, and in the higheſt degree poſſible: In this man- "ner he ordered, through the entire circle of being, "the internal conſtitution of every mind, where ſhould "be its ſtation in the univerſal fabric, and through

Know then, the ſovereign ſpirit of the world,
Though, ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm,
And ſounded through the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe
Theſe heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Through endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,

" what variety of circumſtance it ſhould proceed in the " whole tenour of its exiſtence. He goes on in his ſu- " blime manner to aſſert a future ſtate of retribution, " as well for thoſe who, by the exerciſe of good diſpo- " ſitions being harmonized and aſſimilated into the di- " vine virtue, are conſequently removed to a place of " unblemiſhed ſanctity and happineſs; as of thoſe who " by the moſt flagitious arts have riſen from contemp- " tible beginnings to the greateſt affluence and power, " and whom you therefore look upon as unanſwerable " inſtances of negligence in the gods, becauſe you are " ignorant of the purpoſes to which they are ſubſervi- " ent, and in what manner they contribute to that ſu- " preme intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by the beſt of his followers.

In meaſure ſuch, that, from the wide complex
Of co-exiſtent orders, one might riſe *,
One order, all-involving and entire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated through the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
To univerſal good: with full accord
Anſw'ring the mighty model he had chos'n,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds †

* See the Meditations of Antoninus and the Characteriſtics, paſſim.

† This opinion is ſo old, that Timaeus Locrus calls the ſupreme being δημιουργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, the artificer of that which is beſt; and repreſents him as reſolving in the beginning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copying the world moſt exactly from his own intelligible and eſſential idea; "ſo that it yet remains, "as it was at firſt, perfect in beauty, and will never "ſtand in need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here, to underſtand the expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſum or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo the viſion at the end of the Theodicee of Leibnitz.

That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content
By one exertion of creative power
His goodneſs to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the track of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds
For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends *,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of Heav'n with-held

* This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles. But the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere,
To climb th' aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn
Freſh-water'd from the mountains: let the ſcene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval ſeat
Of man, and where the will ſupreme ordain'd
His manſion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
Along the ſhady brink; in this receſs
To wear th' appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
Till riper hours ſhould open to his toil
The high communion of ſuperior minds,
Of conſecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cheriſh; nor with-held
Celeſtial footſteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the ſovereign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whoſe work divine, in heav'n or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to paſs,
Nor hopes, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the Sire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,

The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side
With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood
Between two radiant forms a smiling youth,
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
He view'd th' associates, as their steps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of ev'ning she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive, trembling on the placid waves.

The ſpring of heav'n had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
To bind her ſable treſſes: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes,
To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
The heav'nly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her ſteps. The preſence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cheriſh'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
Of chaſte dominion. An heroic crown
Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp,
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the ſunſhine ſtreams through vernal clouds,
Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
Th' immortal pair forſook th' enamell'd green,
Aſcending ſlowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celeſtial ſounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Diſtill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
Of empyrean flame, where ſpent and drown'd,

Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I ſtood,
With dumb attention. Soon a gentle voice,
As watery murmurs ſweet, or warbling ſhades,
With ſacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd
I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender ſeeds
Of juſtice and of wiſdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his gen'rous frame;
Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot
From earth's dim ſcene to theſe ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
Th' aſſociate thou haſt given me, her alone
He loves, O father! abſent, her he craves;
And but for her glad preſence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
Thus thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unleſs by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd:
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heaven,
Beſt image of thy author! far from thee
Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame;
Who ſoon or late ſhalt every work fulfil,
And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then, but let not this thy ſmiling friend
Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold!
With thee the ſon of Nemeſis I ſend;
The fiend abhorr'd! whoſe vengeance takes account
Of ſacred order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhauſt the tempeſt of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Controul his cruel phrenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge; that when deſpair ſhall graſp
His agonizing boſom, he may learn
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone ſufficient, in the hour of ill,
To ſave his feeble ſpirit; then confeſs

Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair;
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the ſtorms
Of night infernal, ſerve but to diſplay
The energy of thy ſuperior charms
With mildeſt awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And ſhining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and ſoon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreſhing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vaſt gigantic ſpectre ſtriding on
Through murm'ring thunders, and a waſte of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentleſs frowns involv'd. His ſavage limbs
With ſharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As thro' convulſive anguiſh; and his hand,
Arm'd with a ſcorpion-laſh, full oft he rais'd
In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing lowd he ſhook
The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
The virgin came. No diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
Upon the river-bank; and now to hail

His wonted gueſts, with eager ſteps advanc'd
The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.

As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring;
Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: ſo with tenfold rage,
The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood: with panting breaſt
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tend'reſt care
Advanc'd to ſave him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempeſtuous arm
Hung nerveleſs, nor deſcended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With ſullen rancour. Lo! the ſovereign maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his roſy cheek;
Then graſps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouſe thy ſpirit! Shall the ſpite
Of yon tormentor thus appal thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand

To reſcue and to heal? O let thy ſoul
Remember, what the will of Heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And ſoothing ſunſhine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flouriſh. Oft miſled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reaſon wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim: as if to lie
Inglorious in the fragrant ſhade, and wait
The ſoft acceſs of ever-circling joys
Were all the end of being. Aſk thyſelf
This pleaſing error did it never lull
Thy wiſhes? Has thy conſtant-heart refus'd
The ſilken fetters of delicious eaſe?
Or when divine Euphroſyne appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy deſires
Hang far below the meaſure of thy fate
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counſels, turn away
To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles?
Know then, for this the everlaſting Sire
Deprives thee of her preſence, and inſtead,
O wiſe and ſtill benevolent! ordains
This horrid viſage hither to purſue
My ſteps; that ſo thy nature may diſcern
Its real good, and what alone can ſave
Thy feeble ſpirit in this hour of ill

From folly and deſpair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy ſcatter'd powers: nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the gen'rous queſtion of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
This hour he triumphs: but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with eaſe
Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
To bondage and to ſcorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
Th' immortal mind, ſuperior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things
Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world
Reſts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempeſt on;
Shake ye old pillars of the marble ſky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene,
Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck:
And ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
Firm through the cloſing ruin holds his way,
Where Nature calls him to the deſtin'd goal.

So ſpake the goddeſs; while through all her frame
Celeſtial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine

To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift
As lightning fires the aromatic ſhade
In Æthiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
And ſtarting from his languor thus exclaim'd.

Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou,
If terror be upon me; if I ſhrink
To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou haſt chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forſake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyne not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercaſt
The cheerful dawn, and every ev'ning damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear

His hateful preſence: but permit my tongue
One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O reſtore
The roſy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely ſeat, and bleſs me with her ſmiles.

He ſpoke; when inſtant through the ſable glooms
With which that furious preſence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flaſh; the melting clouds
Flew diverſe, and amid the blue ſerene
Euphroſyne appear'd. With ſprightly ſtep
The nymph alighted on th' irriguous lawn,
And to her wond'ring audience thus began.

Lo! I am here to anſwer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we ſhall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the ſtream
Repeats the accents, we ſhall part no more!
O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high
The Father has beheld you, while the might
Of that ſtern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever ſpake
The high decree: that thou, celeſtial maid!
Howe'er that grieſly phantom on thy ſteps
May ſometimes dare intrude, yet never more

Shalt thou, deſcending to th' abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphroſyne behind.

She ended; and the whole romantic ſcene
Immediate vaniſh'd, rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each myſterious form
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When ſun-ſhine fills the bed. Awhile I ſtood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the viſionary landſcape riſe;
As up to him I turn'd, with gentleſt looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſu'd
By vexing fortune and intruſive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte
Her fair attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops

Of cordial pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture—Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O! deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial powers

To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds, and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,

The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female Superſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of Glory from their baſe;
Till Deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful, when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire th' impious wreath on Philip's * brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or wouldſt thou now exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe

* The Macedonian.

" Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be th' eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its Sire.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, deſcribed. The ſecondary pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connection of theſe pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK THIRD.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince th' endearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This common nature through the various change
Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half ſo tempting or ſo fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite; nor only where th' applauſe

Of cordial Honour turns th' attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in diff'rent ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of Nature temper'd to a diff'rent frame
Peculiar minds, ſo haply where the powers*

* The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyſe the idea of what he calls his intereſt; he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is on this account, of the laſt conſequence to regulate theſe images by the ſtandard of nature and the general good; otherwiſe the imagination, by heightening ſome objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by repreſenting others in a more odious or terrible ſhape than they deſerve, may of courſe engage us in purſuits utterly inconſiſtent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected, that this account of things ſuppoſes the paſſions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in ſome a natural and hereditary diſpoſition to certain paſſions prior to all circumſtances of education or fortune; it may be anſwered, that though no man is born ambitious or a miſer, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which ſhall render his imagination more liable to be ſtruck with ſome particular objects; conſequently diſpoſe him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain paſſions of a particular turn. Some men, for inſtance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vaſt and magnificent; others, on the contrary, with

Of Fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In Nature; there Opinion will be true,
And Action right. For Action treads the path
In which Opinion ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives

the elegant and gentle aſpects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the diſpoſition of the moral powers is always ſimilar to this of the imagination; that thoſe who are moſt inclined to admire prodigious and ſublime objects in the phyſical world, are alſo moſt inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral: while thoſe who are charmed rather with the delicacy and ſweetneſs of colours, and forms, and ſounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the ſofter ſcenes of virtue and the ſympathies of a domeſtic life. And this is ſufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philoſophers, though we have ſeveral hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic ſchool, yet the Stoics were the firſt who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impoſſible to preſerve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inſpecting thoſe pictures or appearances of things which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laert. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the diſcourſes of Epictetus, are full of the ſame ſentiment; inſomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις οἵα δεῖ, φαντασιων, or right management of the fancies, the only thing for which we are accountable to providence, and without which a man is no other than ſtupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See alſo the Characteriſtics, vol. i. from p. 313 to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embelliſhed with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the guardian-voice
Of Juſtice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame;
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chooſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
Which Fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirſt
Of youth oft ſwallows a Circean draught,
That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of Reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus Ambition graſps

The empire of the ſoul: thus pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands
Of Luſt and Rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The tragic muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind. Yet not by all
Thoſe lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling paſſions driven
To guilty deeds; nor Reaſon bound in chains,
That Vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire,—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing of Nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now haply muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains, how Folly's awkward arts *

* Notwithſtanding the general influence of ridicule on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented, by divines eſpecially. The manner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature, ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy; from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in

Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke;
The ſportive province of the comic muſe.

See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze
Unaſk'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſcuous throng.

Behold the foremoſt band; of ſlender thought†,
And eaſy faith; whom flatt'ring fancy ſoothes
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In number boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades

which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus diſcovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of uſeful arts.

† The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or ſelf-applauſe for ſome deſireable quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to thoſe who aſſume it.

By Fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up
For adoration. Some in Learning's garb,
With formal band, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial ſplendor, ſteely pikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery-gold, aſſume the port
Of ſtately valour: liſt'ning by his ſide
There ſtands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earneſt import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, ſtorms,
And ſulph'rous mines, and ambuſh: then at once
Breaks off, and ſmiles to ſee her look ſo pale,
And aſks ſome wond'ring queſtion of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy enſigns, how ſublime they move,
And bending oft their ſanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the ſimple-minded throng;
Ambaſſadors of Heav'n! Nor much unlike
Is he whoſe viſage, in the lazy miſt
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whiſpers, nods,
And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy ſchemes,
And dark portents of ſtate. Ten thouſand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntleſs in, and ſwell the boaſtful band.

Then comes the ſecond order; all who ſeek *
The debt of praiſe, where watchful Unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her ſquinting eye
On ſome retir'd appearance, which belies
The boaſted virtue, or annuls th' applauſe
That Juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſick'ning audience with a nauſeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumph pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſks of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace

* Ridicule from the ſame vanity, where, though the poſſeſſion be real, yet no merit can ariſe from it, becauſe of ſome particular circumſtances, which, though obvious to the ſpectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs Honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil, and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long *
By Fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of ſome peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and pourtray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft obtruſive on the eye of Scorn,
Untimely Zeal her witleſs pride betrays!
And ſerious Manhood from the towering aim
Of Wiſdom, ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh toil. Behold yon myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fix'd eye on heaven's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene

* Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportioned to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of nature.

Swell'd his exulting thought, than this ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her gay regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By ſtreams and ſhades, to ſteal theſe ſighing hours,
Is all he aſks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wand'ring here,
Thee, dreaded cenſor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly deriſion! till on every ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth
Aſſign'd thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy ſcorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate *,

* Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the

Of all the muſe's empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles; here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A fav'rite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye moſt illuſtrious band!
Who, ſcorning Reaſon's tame, pedantic rules,
And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with gen'rous zeal
Pay Vice the rev'rence Virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield Deformity the fond applauſe
Which Beauty wont to claim; forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth,
It ſhuns th' unequal province of your praiſe.

Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland imagination, Folly's train
Have dar'd our ſearch: but now a daſtard kind
Advance reluctant, and with fault'ring feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye *: enfeebled hearts,
Whom Fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,

higheſt degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

* Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Fantaſtic and deluſive. Here the ſlave
Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen Pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with Terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here ſubdued
By frontleſs laughter and the hardy ſcorn
Of old, unfeeling Vice, the abject ſoul,
Who, bluſhing, half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of Temperance and Honour; half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with ſickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licenſe mock the patriot's name.

Laſt of the motley bands on whom the power *
Of gay Deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful Ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, Confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpoſe; then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave th' entangled ſcene
For Scorn to ſport with. Such then is th' abode

* Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Of Folly in the mind; and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.

Through every ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every ſwift occaſion, which the hand
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and choaks her tongue;
What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid *,

* By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; το γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἰσχος, ἀνώδυνον καὶ ὰ φθαρτικόν: "the ridi-"culous is ſome certain fault or turpitude without pain, "and not deſtructive to its ſubject." (Poet. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing defined. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror baniſh the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds. For the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas; but a paſſion or emotion of the

Where'er the power of Ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether Pomp,

mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground "of admiration or esteem connected with other more ge- "neral circumstances comparatively worthless or deform- "ed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or de- "formity connected with what is in general excellent "or beautiful: the inconsistent properties existing either "in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the "person to whom they relate; belonging always to the "same order or class of being implying sentiment or de- "sign; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of "the heart.

To prove the several parts of this definition: "The ap- "pearance of excellence or beauty connected with a "general condition comparatively sordid or deform- "ed." is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory in the Thraso of Terence.

"The appearance of deformity or turpitude in con- "junction with what is ingeneral excellent orvenerable," "is also ridiculous: for instance, the personal weak- nesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

"The incongruous properties may either exist in the "objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the per-

Or Praiſe, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul Deformity are wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty, or the boaſt of Praiſe.

Aſk we for what fair end, th' almighty Sire *

" ſon to whom they relate:" in the laſt-mentioned inſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehenſion of the ridiculous character.

" The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to the ſame " order or claſs of being." A coxcomb in fine cloaths, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion of excellence and eſteem is referred to the ſplendour and expenſe of his dreſs. A man of ſenſe and merit, in the ſame circumſtances, is not counted ridiculous; becauſe the general ground of excellence and eſteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehenſion, of a very different ſpecies.

" Every ridiculous object implies ſentiment or deſign." A column placed by an architect without a capital or baſe, is laughed at: the ſame column in a ruin cauſes a very different ſenſation.

And laſtly, " the occurrence muſt excite no acute or " vehement emotion of the heart," ſuch as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that caſe, as was obſerved above, the mind is not at leiſure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this deſcription, and whether it comprehend every ſpecies and form of the ridiculous, muſt be determined by repeated applications of it to particular inſtances.

* Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural ſenſe or feeling of the ridiculous, and

In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt

ſince ſo good a reaſon may be aſſigned to juſtify the Supreme Being for beſtowing it; one cannot without aſtoniſhment reflect on the conduct of thoſe men who imagine it is for the ſervice of true religion to vilify and blacken it without diſtinction, and endeavour to perſuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cauſe. Ridicule is not concerned with mere ſpeculative truth or falſehood. It is not in abſtract propoſitions or theorems, but in actions and paſſions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all their terms are relative, implying approbation or blame. To aſk them whether ridicule be a teſt of truth, is, in other words, to aſk whether that which is ridiculous can be morally true, can be juſt and becoming; or whether that which is juſt and becoming, can be ridiculous? A queſtion that does not deſerve a ſerious anſwer. For it is moſt evident, that, as in a metaphyſical propoſition, offered to the underſtanding for its aſſent, the faculty of reaſon examines the terms of the propoſition, and finding one idea, which was ſuppoſed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of conſequence rejects the propoſition as a falſehood; ſo, in objects offered to the mind for its eſteem or applauſe, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we obſerve ſuch a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconſiſtent circumſtances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our buſineſs, if the matter be of importance to ſociety, to drag out thoſe latent circumſtances, and, by ſetting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the moral falſehood ſooner than in the way of ſpeculative inquiry, and impreſs the minds of men with a ſtronger ſenſe of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of Reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of Folly? Though the light
Of Truth ſlow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant Heav'n,

But it is ſaid the practice is dangerous, and may be inconſiſtent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I anſwer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous; men may be diſhoneſt in obtruding circumſtances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing thoſe circumſtances to impoſe upon us: but the ſenſe of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Ariſtophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn.---True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moraliſt and father of ancient wiſdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the ſatiriſt doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheleſs had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And ſo has the reaſoning of Spinoza made atheiſts: he has founded it indeed on ſuppoſitions utterly falſe; but allow him theſe, and his concluſions are unavoidably true. And if we muſt reject the uſe of ridicule, becauſe, by the impoſition of falſe circumſtances, things may be made to ſeem ridiculous, which are not ſo in themſelves; why we ought not in the ſame manner to reject the uſe of reaſon, becauſe, by proceeding on falſe principles, concluſions will appear true which are impoſſible in nature, let the vehement and obſtinate declaimers againſt ridicule determine.

Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe,
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.

Such are the various aſpects of the mind.
Some heav'nly genius, whoſe unclouded thoughts
Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
Th' ethereal ſpirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs Nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes; to behold, in lifeleſs things,
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf*,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the rev'rend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
Th' Elyſian ſeats, and down th' embow'ring glade
Move to your pauſing eye! Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds

* This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Flit o'er the heav'ns before the ſprightly breeze:
Now their grey cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun;
Now ſtreams of ſplendor, through their op'ning veil
Effulgent, ſweep from off the gilded lawn
Th' aërial ſhadows, on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quiv'ring leaves
With quickeſt luſtre glancing while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your cheerful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning mirth
With clouds and ſunſhine chequer'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe, to th' inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train,
Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At firſt were ſtrung? Or rather from the links
Which artful Cuſtom twines around her frame?

For when the diff'rent images of things,
By chance combin'd, have ſtruck th' attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er diſtinct
Th' external ſcenes, yet oft th' ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recal one partner of the various league;
Immediate, lo! the firm confed'rates riſe,

And each his former ſtation ſtraight reſumes:
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from th' informing touch*
Of the ſame parent-ſtone, together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd,
With fatal impulſe quiv'ring to the pole:
Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main
Rowl'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and diff'rent ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
Th' alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which one poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe, nor quiet knew
The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union, when we feel
A ſong, a flower, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
Th' attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton Fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions, and deſigns
Attendant: whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,

* See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Prolus. vi. Academ. p. 6. v.

The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſt'ning mind.

By theſe myſterious ties the buſy power *
Of Memory her ideal train preſerves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being, to preſent
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largeſt choice: like ſpring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkilful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food. For not th' expanſe
Of living lakes in ſummer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bord'ring ſhade, and ſun-bright heav'ns
With fairer ſemblance; not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed influence to the ſeeds of Fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of Nature. There alone unchang'd
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial ſweets: the trembling chord

* The act of remembering ſeems almoſt wholly to depend on the aſſociation of ideas.

Reſounds for ever in th' abſtracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that Nature can beſtow,
The child of Fancy oft in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt,
With conſcious pride. From them he oft reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees, the Mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plaſtic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His boſom; and with loveliеſt frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rowls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres ſtooping to the wizard's call,
Flit ſwift before him. From the womb of Earth,
From Ocean's bed they come: th' eternal heav'ns
Diſcloſe their ſplendors, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms. Now compares
Their diff'rent forms; now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconſtant aim,

With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid Order dawns;
And as from chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy Earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful Sun,
Sprung up the blue ſerene; by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled, his entire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour ſmiles.
Awhile he ſtands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethean art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes *
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper powers attract the ſoul

* This relates to the different ſorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artiſts are rendered palpable to the ſenſes; as by ſounds in muſic; by lines and ſhadows, in painting; by diction, in poetry, &c.

By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of Nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of Art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus Beauty's palm
Betwixt them wav'ring hangs: applauding Love
Doubts where to chooſe; and mortal man aſpires
To tempt creative praiſe. As when a cloud
Of gath'ring hail with limpid cruſts of ice
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming ſun,
Collects his large effulgence; ſtraight the heav'ns
With equal flames preſent on either hand
The radiant viſage: Perſia ſtands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The ſnowy-veſted ſeer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the ſouth ſhall burn,
To which his warbled oriſons aſcend.

Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of Heav'n! while plung'd in ſordid cares,
Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harſh Auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young Love and ſmiling Wonder ſhrink away
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my ſtrain,
Perhaps ev'n now, ſome cold, faſtidious judge
Caſts a diſdainful eye; and calls my toil,

And calls the love and beauty which I ſing,
The dream of Folly. Thou, grave cenſor! ſay,
Is beauty then a dream, becauſe the glooms
Of dulneſs hang too heavy on thy ſenſe,
To let her ſhine upon thee? So the man
Whoſe eye ne'er open'd on the light of heav'n,
Might ſmile with ſcorn while raptur'd viſion tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wiſe be far
Such groſs unhallow'd pride; nor needs my ſong
Deſcend ſo low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what myſterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion; and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing Sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might rowl his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendor ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murm'ring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath

Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the ſong?

But were not Nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch ethereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
Th' impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than Fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O Source divine of ever-flowing love!
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man
By kind illuſions of the wond'ring ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head

With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtion's more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
Th' advent'rous heroe, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurpriſe, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams and ſhades
And airy ſongs, th' enchanted landſcape ſmiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is Taſte, but theſe internal powers
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies. This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow!
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret bias of the ſoul.

He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enliv'ning ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues *
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;

* See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs *,
All on the margin of ſome flowery ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantain ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn,
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

* O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain ſhade: and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c.

Waller, Battle of the Summer-Iſlands, Canto I.

And again,

While in the park I ſing, the liſt'ning deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear, &c.

At Pens-hurſt.

Oh! bleſt of Heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of ſordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant Honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What though not all
Of mortal offſpring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him the Spring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze *

* That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than juſt in philoſophy, it may be proper to

Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for th' attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair-inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears

produce the ſentiment of one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of men on this head; one ſo little to be ſuſpected of partiality in the caſe, that he reckons it among thoſe favours for which he was eſpecially thankful to the gods, that they had not ſuffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, leſt by that means he ſhould have been diverted from purſuits of more importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal nature, he obſerves, that there "is a "pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we per-"ceive," when once we conſider its conſection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities: and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a ſenſibility of "temper, with a juſt comprehenſion of the univerſal order "---will diſcern many amiable things, not credible to "every mind, but to thoſe alone who have entered into "an honourable familiarity with nature and her works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal Majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the Mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her gen'rous powers?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the gen'ral orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

HYMN

TO THE

NAIADS

M, DCC, XLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Nymphs, who preſide over ſprings and rivulets, are addreſſed at day-break, in honour of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods, and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered, as giving motion to the air, and exciting ſummer breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fulneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce; and, by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health, when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe, which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they are celebrated for the friendſhip which the Muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive: in oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

HYMN

TO THE

NAIADS.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs; and the God of day,
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry; and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay your homage due,
I leave the gates of ſleep; nor ſhall my lyre
Too far into the ſplendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my obſervant hand

Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heav'n.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs! or end?
Wide is your praise and copious.—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose
Were Love * and Chaos †. Love, the fire of Fate ‡;

* Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior; which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phaedrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, "and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love "was produced from an egg, which the sable-winged "Night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the TO ON or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old Graecian trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonus, or the

Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time ||,
Who many ſons and many comely births

firſt-begotten, is ſaid to have been born of an egg, and is repreſented as the principle or origin of all theſe external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the diſcoverer or diſcloſer; who unfolded the ideas of the Supreme Intelligence, and expoſed them to the perception of inferior beings in this viſible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras all agree to interpret the ſeveral paſſages of Orpheus which they have preſerved.

But the Love deſigned in our text, is the one Self-exiſtent and Infinite Mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologiſts have not introduced or truly deſcribed in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; tho' in other reſpects, he profeſſeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in theſe great points of natural theology, they differ no leſs remarkably among themſelves; and are perpetually confounding the philoſophical relations of things with the traditionary circumſtances of mythic hiſtory; upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his diſſent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, aſcribed to Orpheus, it is ſaid, that "Love, whom mortals in later times call Phanes, "was the father of the eternally-begotten Night;" who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets, as being herſelf the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the

Devour'd §, relentleſs father: till the child
Of Rhea ** drove him from the upper ſky ††,

" natures which it contained within itſelf in a ſtate of " perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven had its boundary " determined; the generation of the earth; the depth of " the ocean; and alſo the ſapient Love, the moſt ancient, the " ſelf-ſufficient; with all the beings which he produced " when he ſeparated one thing from another." Which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe, in the firſt book of his metaphyſics, than any of thoſe which he has there quoted, to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name, are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all queſtion, they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a ſet of public and ſolemn forms of devotion, as appears by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes hath almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt Ariſtogiton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder of their moſt holy myſteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the myſterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind, cannot be better expreſſed than in that remarkable deſcription with which they inſpired the German editor Eſchenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipſic: " Theſaurum " me reperiſſe credidi, ſays he, & profecto theſaurum " reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me ſacro horrore affla- " verint indigitamenta iſta deorum: nam et tempus ad " illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel ſolum hor-

And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd ‡‡
The kindred powers, Tethys, and rev'rend Ops,

" rorem incutere animo poteſt, noctúrnum ; cum enim
" totam diem conſumſerim in contemplando urbis ſplen-
" dore, & in adeundis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris dic-
" tis; ſola nox reſtabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui.
" In abyſſum quendam myſteriorum venerandae antiqui-
" tatis deſcendere videbar, quotieſcunque ſilente mun-
" do, ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et luna, μιλανηφάτους
" iſtos hymnos ad manus ſumſi."

† The unformed, undigeſted maſs of Moſes and Plato: which Milton calls,

" The womb of nature."

‡ Fate is the univerſal ſyſtem of natural cauſes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind, or of Love: ſo Minucius Felix: " Quid enim aliud eſt fatum, quam quod de uno-
" quoque noſtrum deus fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in the firſt book on Divination: " Fatum autem id appello,
" quod Graeci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ ; id eſt, ordinem ſeriem-
" que cauſarum, cum cauſa cauſae nexa rem ex ſe gignat
" ---ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum ſit non id quod ſuper-
" ſtitioſe, ſed id quod phyſice dicitur cauſa eterna re-
" rum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three Fates, or Deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relates to man, and to the other mortal beings; for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night [or Love] and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Heſiod, Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis: but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddeſs is directly ſtyled the mother of Neceſſity; and is repreſented, immediately after, as governing the

And ſpotleſs Veſta; while ſupreme of ſway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy-crowned race ‖‖,
Who from a thouſand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent; and from them

three Deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of natural cauſes.

‖ Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Caelum and Tellus. But the author of the Hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the off pring of the earth and the ſtarry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

§ The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the diſſolution of natural bodies; which are produced and deſtroyed by Time.

** Jupiter, ſo called by Pindar.

†† That Jupiter deſthroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

‡‡ Our mythology here ſuppoſeth, that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtic nature (repreſented by Jupiter), the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition; but afterwards, well-diſpoſed and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Veſta, the eldeſt daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζευς νεφεληγερετης, the Air; though he alſo repreſented the plaſtic principle of nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

‖‖ The river-gods; who, according to Heſiod's Theogony, were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

Are ye, O Naiads §§: Arethuſa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that ſweet name,
Bandufia; that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne *; and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon †. Liſten to my ſtrain,
Daughters of Tethys: liſten to your praiſe.

You, Nymphs, the winged offſpring ‡, which of old
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore,

§§ The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the Greek mythology. Homer, Odyſſ. xiii. κυραι Διος. Virgil, in the eight book of the Eneid, ſpeaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand, Callimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool divinity of thoſe times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

* The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

† Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Paeon was the phyſician of the gods.

‡ The winds; who, according to Heſiod and Apolodorus, were the ſons of Aſtraeus and Aurora.

Owns; and your aid beſeecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion *, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They aſk: Favonius and the mild South-weſt
From you relief implore. Your ſallying ſtreams †
Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, diſporting; from the mead
Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To ſweep the noxious mildew; or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful Breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, faſt by learned Cam, th' Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand

* A ſon of Caelum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer, in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

† The ſtate of the atmoſphere with reſpect to reſt and motion is, in ſeveral ways, affected by rivers and running ſtreams; and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons: firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe parts of it with which they are in contact; and ſecondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of conſequence more elaſtic than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

The rev'rend ſcene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and haply, while he ſcans
The ruins, with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confeſs; and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king * with Sirius holds
The central heav'ns, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Rememb'reth how indulgent ye ſupplied
Your genial dews to nurſe them in their prime.

Pales, the paſture's queen, where'er ye ſtray,
Purſues your ſteps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris †, with profuſeſt hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames

* One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.
† The ancient Greek name for Flora.

Ye love to wander, Amalthea ‡ pours
Well-pleaſed the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant iſles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor can'ſt thou,

‡ The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelaſgic character, by Thymoetes grandſon to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymoetes had travelled over Lybia to the country which borders on the weſtern ocean; there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king "of Lybia, was married in former ages to Rhea, ſiſter "of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in "love with a beautiful virgin whoſe name was Amal- "thea; had by her a ſon, and gave her poſſeſſion of a "neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which "in ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox, was "thence called the Heſperian horn, and afterwards the "horn of Amalthea: that fearing the jealouſy of Rhea, "he concealed the young Bacchus, with his mother, in "the iſland of Nyſa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and pomp of ſtyle. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient mythology, and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer) who, in theſe myſterious traditions of the poetic ſtory, had a heart to feel, and words to expreſs, the ſimple and ſolitary genius of antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe, he prefers it even to

——"that Nyſean iſle
"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham
"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian Jove)
"Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon,
"Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye."

(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou doſt mock
The bev'rage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canſt thou
Diſown the powers whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
Nor heed the ſcoffings of th' Edonian band *.

For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your ſire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forſaking, her advent'rous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft at morn,
When Hermes †, from Olympus bent o'er earth

* The prieſteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus; ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

† Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of the Indigitamenta, in theſe beautiful lines:

Ερμηνεῦ πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χειρὸν θὶν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμέμφες.

To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-ſailing; oft intent your ſprings
He views: and waving o'er ſome new-born ſtream
His bleſs'd pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "though recluſe
"And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men.
"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I poſſeſs; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
"Or thro' the towers of Memphis, or the palms
"By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The Engliſh merchant: with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
"Sarmatian kings; or to the houſehold gods
"Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian ſhore,
"Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure* which of old
"Sidonian pilots ſought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconſcious of thoſe gen'rous arts
"Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
"Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heav'n."

Such are the words of Hermes: ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads, which from tongues celeſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth power:

* The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coaſt of Cornwal, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won * th' unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth, oft as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, ſhe her thund'ring navy leads
To Calpe's † foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge †; her auſpices divine
Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
Th' Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old

* Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of war: for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that, "from "bounty iſſueth power."

† Gibraltar and the Bay of Biſcay

Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge *
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Lybia's torrid champaign and the rocks
Of cold Imaus join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bending prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw †
From Heracleum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Celeſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His fault'ring heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.

Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power:
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace

* Near this iſland, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Perſian navy.

† This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his Life of Themiſtocles, deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs; ſhe who ſaves,
From pois'nous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to th'intangling ſnares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the ling'ring ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervour of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care with-hold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet; you, to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls; and from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,

To ſlake his veins: 'till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels; waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through th' abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads! hail!
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic thyrſus * with my ſong.

For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark Fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh th' unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends.
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He ent'reth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine

* A ſtaff or ſpear, wreathed round with ivy: of conſtant uſe in the Bacchanalian myſteries.

Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; wafts the ſeeds
Metallic and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and ſoon
Flies pain; flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan*; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for hapleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And fineſt breath, which from the genial ſtrife
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light
O'er the freſh morning vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.

My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utt'rance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celeſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The muſes (ſacred be their gifts divine)

* An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

In early days did to my wond'ring ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear,
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And off'rings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha *, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: 'till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings
That charm the mind of gods †: that fill the courts

* One of the ſummits of Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa, the other eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

† This whole paſſage, concerning the effects of ſacred muſic among the gods, is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares;
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove:
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire, with ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſcepter of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
Relents, and ſoothes his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſo'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth, and o'er
Th' interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heav'nly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent; and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh

From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the ſatyrs, and th' unruly fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch
Through black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's*
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key †, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructors to inform his breaſt
With verſe; let him, fit votariſt, implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May ſing in apteſt numbers: he the fate

* The Phrygian muſic was fantaſtic and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

† It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys; and on that account ſtyled, ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

Of ſober Pentheus *, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes th' immortal muſe. Th' immortal muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian † or the Delphic mount ‡, will guide
His footſteps; and with your unſullied ſtreams
His lips will bathe: whether th' eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majeſty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
Th' unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſs'd,
Where ſacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs!

* Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian prieſts and women, for deſpiſing their myſteries.

† Of this cave Pauſanias, in his tenth book, gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnaſſus, is a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the moſt remarkable which I have ſeen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. 'Tis of a conſiderable height, and hath ſeveral ſprings within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water diſtills from the ſhell and roof, ſo as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnaſſus hold it as ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

‡ Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky ſituation, on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

Thrice hail! For you the Cyrenaic ſhell *
Behold, I touch, revering. To my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favourable feet
And all profaner audience far remove.

* Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner ſolely by way of exerciſe, the manner itſelf being now almoſt entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the perſonal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed; to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſt'ring fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Freſh garlands weave, and chaſe from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O ſtranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts

Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy name
Wiſe Pallas and th' immortal muſes own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He ſang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each eſtate and age,
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O ſtranger, thou art come,
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them, if thy breaſt be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in ſummer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. There dwells Albert, gen'rous lord
Of all the harveſt round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Faſt by a ſilent riv'let. Humbly walk,
O ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou ſee'ſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet ſmelling flowers. For there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But ſoon did righteous Heav'n
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood. Nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide

The ſtrokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful ſtory. Haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings:
O ſons of ſport and pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds
Of conſcious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through th' embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakeſpear's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMUS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE ÆTATE PATRIÆ LABENTI ADEVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPUBLICÆ BRITANNICÆ VINDEX RENUNCIATUS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATUM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTUM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HUMANI. AVCTORI PUBLICÆ FELICITATIS

P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on

Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue: and if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down entire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſt'neth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offſpring: and each nymph, who guards
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
Th' unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wiſdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft preſag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait

Each ev'ning till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, awhile releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
I prompt, unſeen; and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire ſupreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's gen'rous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory, and the faith
Of ſacred friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE Powers unſeen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love t' invoke you, and have felt

Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heav'n. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring grove
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heav'n,
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or in the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers!
And I will guard it well: nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd
By faithful memory. And then, at ſome
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utt'rance in harmonious ſtrains;
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

ME though in life's ſequeſter'd vale
Th' Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, This be thy concern, he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of Man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan,
His Reaſon, Fancy, and his Heart unite.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
DEC

ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
DEC

ODES.

BOOK FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
Th' induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſert of the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts

Will ſhe her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deign the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
Th' inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII.

From all which nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms, the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth;
And, when the gen'rous taſk is done,
She conſecrates a double boon,
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE.

M, DCC, XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains:
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light,
Rip'ning the mountain's ſilver-ſtores:
While, in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſt'ring his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo, winter deſolates the year.

The fields reſign their lateſt bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll;
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire:
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
Againſt the ſpiteful heav'n conſpire.
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Ev'n now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl th' aerial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;

And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers, and dews, and ſtreaming light,
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hov'ring tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the ſovereign Cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that Heav'n's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte th' Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page awhile,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flatt'ring dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, height'ning every charm,
Invokes the ſlow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heav'n and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?

Th' auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And echo, down the bord'ring vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chaſe,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong,
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye

Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul entire?
Does wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh, no ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the favourite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While, ſide by ſide, the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage, half-afraid,
Spite of the ſickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.

O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where truth revolves her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honour's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And time, the fire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame;
A ſoberer dreſs will beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem, by knowledge led,

Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES: you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)

Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien:
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart, and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,
Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus, to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour

Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care th'infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys,
And half diſarm our pains;

X.

Let univerſal candour ſtill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure human kind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
—— Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,
While rous'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To ſoothe affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend, and pleaſure's queen,
Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.

As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye,
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant airs and genial hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.
But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,

Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.

Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by Heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by;
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;

No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs;
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend;
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With flaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the muſe again:
The muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,

Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tybur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows th' enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey, perhaps, to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:

Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale;
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding Cauſe
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile ſtorm to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd

O thou whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;

Still with the muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſoothe to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer,
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themſelves did human kind
Contrive the parts by Heaven aſſign'd,
On life's wide ſcene to play;
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Though laſt and leaſt in Fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands;
And knows what Nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcued nations from the rage

Of partial, factious power,
My heart with diſtant homage views;
Content, if thou, celeſtial Muſe,
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame;
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now.

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpeare's powerful art
O'er every paſſion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cauſe,
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favourites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And leſt, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marſhy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:

The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
And haply ſoothe ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove,
Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I ſit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolour'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure-tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows; till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bowers and copſes green the golden ſlop divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murm'ring ſhade,
And ſoothe my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand:
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, liſten to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of th' Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin-deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round th' Olympian father's throne.

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above degen'rate Latium's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh boaſt of Gaul,

I dare from impious thrones reclaim
And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee
Heroic Valour still attends,
And useful Science pleas'd to see
How Art her studious toil extends.
While Truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares:
Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
But when for gen'rous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
There public Zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO.

MDCCXLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell;
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendour of my choice
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I know of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom Virtue's luſtre blinds,

Who fagely prove that eac[illegible]nan hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim fror[illegible]lemiſh free,
I yet, ev'n yet, believe it, [illegible]e of thee,
And all thy painted pleas to [illegible]atneſs and to vice:

III.

"Thou didſt not dream of Liberty decay'd,
"Nor wiſh to make her guardian-laws more ſtrong:
"But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
"Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted, or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled deed;
One myſtery of Shame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And 'ſcape in Guilt's diſguiſe from Virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dang'rous Pow'r avow'd
Whom Freedom oft hath found her mortal bane;
Whom public Wiſdom ever ſtrove t' exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuff'reth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtate's directing ſoul;
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd,
With Eloquence and Reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells th' inchantreſs to controul

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends:
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom Virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign:
And Freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murm'ring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.

O Alfred, father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward, firſt in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
Behold the ſum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flatt'ring vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel-bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn'd; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd t' exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,

To ſlight the favour thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorc'rer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſick'ning reaſon flew,
Divine Perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While Laughter mock'd, or Pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can Fancy's feeble ſprings the force of Truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends.
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By infamy, the mindful demon, ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian-laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,
For ever thro' the ſpacious courts reſound:
There long poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks:
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:

" He comes, whom fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
" To accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd;
" Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign;
" Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
" Ev'n to its laſt irrevocable hour;
" Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them
" to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wiſe Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champion o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on ther foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone;
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide;
Still frame your laws her gen'rous teſt t' abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs thro' your blood,
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline indures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:

A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O ſons of Alfred, where for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Ah why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Oh why forſaken thus my breaſt
With inauſpicious damps oppreſs'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid th' Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow Her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, fooliſh youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the croud,

Lean not to love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of beauty's praiſe
In wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſoothe and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour,
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:

Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung,
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair!
So penſive all this abſent hour!
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.

In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign:
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the loveſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was—And now, even now,
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.

O friend :—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET.

I.

BEHOLD; the Balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintry ſcale inclines;
To earthly caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,

Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
While rural nymphs (alike, within,
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold

In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her ſaviour ſon)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our ſhore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exil bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread.
There ſunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let bleſſings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore ſhould we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the Soft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile.
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is. Thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Though touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſs'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying ſeaſons own.
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain—
And lo, with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;

Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd Hours
Lead round his lyre, its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords.
Ye wretches, ye perfideous train,
Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now you tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love;
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plantive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

*Alcæus.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the man * of Thebes appears;
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame,
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er had'ſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts imploy,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy ſyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till Towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong
Pollute with impious revels dire.

* Pindar.

O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade:
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works ingage.

IV. 2.

When friendſhip and when letter'd mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;

While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND. FROM THE COUNTRY.

SAY, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd,
When ſpring from this her favourite ſeat
Bade winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noiſy courts ingage;
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd

I ſought the open day;
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with ſpring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy inlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:
Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtays;
And now to Heſper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of brighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas, but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray,
Thou pureſt light above:
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray

Where gulph or ſteep lie hid for harm:
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom, where the beachen boughs
That rooſleſs tower invade,
We came while her inchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Heſper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moſs o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace: on either hand
Inlarg'd it ſpreads around:
See, in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The ſtars ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive Syren ſing,
Oh ſoftly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's diſpoſing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:

How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wintry * Urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

* Aquarius.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the land:
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate!
That evening, let the Muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth inamor'd ſaw.

Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to purſue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And Engliſh fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize:
While hand in hand, at wiſdom's ſhrine,
Beauty with truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave aſſent with glad applauſe;
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to controul
By * Verulamian laws.

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Author of the Novum Organum.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

MDCCXLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, ſage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſs-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was given,
Nor, I truſt, ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON. MDCCXLVII.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of every clime,
Through all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her power diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd.
For taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words wilt own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well can'ſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul;

When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,

Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Aſia Minor the firſt complete copy of Homer's Works.---At Platæa was fought the deciſive battle between the Perſian army and the united militia of Greece under Pauſanias and Ariſtides.---Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the ſame day over the Perſians by ſea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preſerved the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to the conſecrated ſpoils, after this great ſucceſs; in which it is very remarkable that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed the manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſty of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΤΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ' ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ.
ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.

Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country ſtands.
To liſtening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame:
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd;
Fromwhom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.

ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΔΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ.
ΥΠ' ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of War
Aſſail'd imperious cities, never yet
At once among the waves and on the ſhore
Hath ſuch a labour been achiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they the ſame
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crowded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was cotemporary with Ariſtides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height.

O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,

When Xerxes invaded Greece Pindar was true to the common intereſt of his country, though his fellow-citizens the Thebans had ſold themſelves to the Perſian king. In one of his odes he expreſſes the great diſtreſs and anxiety of his mind occaſioned by the vaſt preparations of Xerxes againſt Greece, (Iſthm. viii.) in another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera, (Pyth i.) It will be neceſſary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. Firſt then, he was thought to be ſo great a favourite of Apollo that the prieſts of that deity allotted him a conſtant ſhare of their offerings. It was ſaid of him as of ſome other illuſtrious men, that at his birth a ſwarm of bees lighted on his lips and fed him with their honey: it was alſo a tradition concerning him that Pan was heard to recite his Poetry, and ſeen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real hiſtorical fact in his life is, that the Thebans impoſed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expreſſed in his poems for that heroic ſpirit ſhewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty which his own fellow-citizens had ſhamefully betrayed; and as the argument of this ode implies that great poetical talents and high ſentiments of liberty do reciprocally produce and aſſiſt each other, ſo Pindar is perhaps the moſt exemplary proof of this connexion which occurs in hiſtory. The Thebans were remarkable in general for a ſlaviſh diſpoſition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth at the time of its ruin by Philip, and even in its beſt ſtate under the adminiſtration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows they were no leſs remarkable for great dulneſs and want of all genius. That Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his fellow-citizens in both theſe reſpects ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding obſervation.

Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law did'ſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:

* Octavianus Cæſar.

Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
"fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his Defence of the People of England againſt Salmaſius. See particularly the manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that undertaking in the Introduction to his Reply to Morus.

Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know
Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power that rules him, ſhares;

Here let the bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honors the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward III. from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide eſtabliſh'd throne
No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim;
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould ſordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on freedom: ſee, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound
Bear witneſs: there, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Candiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarſdale in Derbyſhire, the Earls of Devonſhire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The houſe in which they met is at preſent a farm-houſe, and the country people diſtinguiſh the room where they ſat by the name of The Plotting Parlour.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to chear?

VI. 3

Yet, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Of nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honor and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODES.

BOOK SECOND.

ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription.

MDCCXLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have imbrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footſteps of my devious Muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.
And ſay, ye ſkilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I ſaw this England break the ſhameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands:
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore:
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new paſſions, thence the boſom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inſpir'd;
Thence every ſcene, which private fortune knows,
In ſtronger life, with bolder ſpirit, roſe.

Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?

Yet have I deign'd your audience to intice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be your's to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,
I thought, Now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juſter critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you! that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuſe
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muſe,

While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic ſcene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never, but for love expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, awhile,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign,
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
Chuſe for the model of domeſtic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O bleſt at home with juſtly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cauſe,
Whom heaven hath choſen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,

The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame;
Oh! let not luxury's fantaſtic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race,
Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate
Deſpotic rule was heir to freedom's hate)
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counſel, and in pleaſing art,
The judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it ſame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE I.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
Oh whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmour pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:

The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid along adieu.

V.

I aſk not god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Should round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie:
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus! on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUT.

As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heav'nly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his art explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Ruſtic herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook, I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter poet of the ſhade,

Thus, thought I, thus the ſons of care
Some conſtant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſs'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On Fortune's power and Cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom love and hope and fancy ſway,
Who every harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that in April's faireſt hours,
To warbling ſhades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND, IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCL.

I. 1.

HOW oft ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or, tell me, doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leiſure which thou hadſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimpler powers;

Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
Oh fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his generous heart
The abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre
Reprove Ambition's best desire?
Extinguish Glory's flame?
Far other was the task enjoin'd
When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honour'd name.

II. 1.

Thee Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering Ease, nor Pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the muse's charms:
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
His red-croſs banner o'er the Belgian field.
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom Envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue controul,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe it's maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers of fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed ſeverer cares.
Is there a man who ſhares
The ſummit next where heav'nly natures dwell?
Aſk him (for he can tell)
What ſtorms beat round that rough labourious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Naſſau, great deliverer, wiſe and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry ſeas,
The night eſtrang'd from eaſe,
The day by cowardice and falſehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart diſdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O renown!
O praiſe from judging Heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divineſt crown,
Say, who ſhall heſitate? or who complain?
And now they ſit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the ſovran mind,
"Lo! theſe," he ſaith, "lo! theſe are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal ſway
"From violence and fear aſſerted human kind."

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legiſlators in his preſence dwel;
If I may aught foretell,
The ſtateſman ſhall the ſecond palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiſcerning praiſe,
More glittering trophies raiſe:
But wiſeſt Heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, ſave wide bleſſings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the embattled field
Shall theſe achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valour, or the ſongs of conqueſt, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe
Than Pym's free virtue choſe
When the proud force of Strafford he controul'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?

Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,
Let menac'd London tell
How impious guile made Wiſdom baſe;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unbleſs'd he liv'd and how diſhonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muſe
Around his tomb Pierian roſes flung:
Nor ſhall one poet's tongue
His name for muſic's pleaſing labour chuſe.
And ſure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd ſome favour'd breaſt above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-ſubmitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wiſe
Nothing can ſeem but virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William; there ſhall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's crowd,
The ſlanderous and the loud,
Could fair aſſent and modeſt reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh, or to aught aſpire,
Without his guidance, his ſuperior hand.
And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's inamor'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever ſage or poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt:
On power's grave ſeat confeſs'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear the enchanted echoes round
Through fartheſt heaven reſound
Wiſe Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of juſt and true.

They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom, than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloath'd in the faireſt colours of the day.

VI. 3

O Townſhend! thus may Time, the judge ſevere,
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I ſpeak of one to Freedom dear
For planning wiſely and for acting well,
Of one whom Glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends purſu'd;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip," will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath
"view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praiſe depends;
To which, of courſe, it's real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the ſame
Tho' in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame,
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQ.

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recall to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of Pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say (her ſweet influence to thy ſong
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe;
But Pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult; attentive, not ſevere.
O Pleaſure! we blaſpheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had Fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe, nor wiſh but what obey
Or Venus ſoft, or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern human kind:
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung,
Some wrangling heretic ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud deſires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame;
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye roſy ſmiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier ſoils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

MDCCLIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treaſon quell'd and laws ſecur'd,
In every nation Time diſplays
The palm of honourable praiſe.
Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of Freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And liſted up the veil which Heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell Perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by Heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy againſt the proteſtant eſtabliſhment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower houſe of convocation.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine
Could longer guard from Reaſon's warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought
Nor ſynods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompence be found?
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious ſcene;
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! the ſhade
Of death, mean time, does oft invade
Her progreſs; nor, to us diſplay'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own juſt Heaven's indulgent law,

And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail Thee in our public ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroic throng
Who reſcu'd or preſerv'd the rights of human kind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which thou haſt kept entire from force and factious guile.

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And Wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatiriſt could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find;
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part:
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway:
This ſhall inchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away;
And ſhe be ſtill, in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme?
From this philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wandering thro' a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without Love you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me thought no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal Friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre.

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE X.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

ON THE LATE EDITION OF MR. POPE'S WORKS.

M DCC LI.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Herculean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides:
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and ſavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spencer's lyre again
Prepare and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was every bard
When lately in the Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid.

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Though liſtening realms admir'd around.

Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip; hav-

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:
How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakeſpeare debonnair and mild
Brought that ſtrange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew:
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

ing been introduced, forſooth, at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs. At the ſame time in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen; a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The ſame kind office thou would'ſt pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name,
From each abſurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore,
Who from the warrior bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and ſoldier was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the ſteer the wintery plough to indure,
Now in full councils check'd incroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted! whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your ſwords
To ſlaviſh ruffians, hir'd for their command:
Theſe, at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
Theſe are the public will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

Thou, heedleſs Albion, what, alas, the while
Doſt thou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doſt thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, theſe near and loud alarms?
Thy ſplended home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praiſe and envy of the nations round,
What care haſt thou to guard from Fortune's ſway?
Amid the ſtorms of war, how ſoon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add Induſtry's wiſe gifts to Nature's ſtore:
And every port is crouded with thy ſails,
And every wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.

What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if they arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canſt ſee,
With ſcorn, the fury of each hoſtile clime
Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand—
Yet ſay, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, laſt of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear an offering at Ambition's ſhrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriot's dar'd demand
From furious John's or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt, and from ſervile ſhame
In wars glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains.
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counſel and by arms the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's wars divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipios, matchleſs line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their houſehold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held to by your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's health decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.

Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace and heaven's due rites fulfill.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate? and impotent ſedition's crime;
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marſhal'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendor bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Though war's proud votaries look on ſevere;
Though ſecrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,

And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albret ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd:
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt:
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to You addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly Truth's, by manly Reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtic love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,

IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,

Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
"Meet thee beneath yon cheſnut bower,
"And lenient on thy boſom pour
"That indolence divine which lulls the earth and ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promiſ'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wiſh'd to breathe in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then firſt, O heavenly Muſe, unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of love.
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move;
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.

New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plant retire.

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this inliven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs-ambitious lay
Of friendſhip and of love to greet thy maſter's ear.

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure: where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all the intangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Through Nature's ſimple paths with ancient faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from Athenian Academic bowers
Their ſages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green:

And oft did Tully's reverend ſhade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other gueſts were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favour'd grove;
Even the celeſtial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-ſubduing ſon,
Whoſe golden ſhaft moſt willingly obey
The beſt and wiſeſt. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And ſang their happy gifts, and prais'd their ſpotleſs throne.

X.

I ſaw when through yon feſtive gate
He led along his choſen maid,
And to my friend with ſmiles preſenting ſaid;
"Receive that faireſt wealth which heaven aſſign'd
"To human fortune. Did thy lonely ſtate
"One wiſh, one utmoſt hope confeſs?
"Behold, ſhe comes, to adorn and bleſs:
"Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy "mind."

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH.

MDCCLI. *

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counſels or in arms,
Have ſeldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace
To dwell with books or court the Muſe's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

* In the year 1751, appeared a very ſplendid edition, in quarto, of Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandebourg, à Berlin & à la Haye; with a privilege ſign'd Frederic; the ſame being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary paſſages, are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] Il ſe fit une migration (the author in ſpeaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) dont on n'avoit

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp ingage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon the palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honor or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne

guere vu d'exemples dans l'hiſtoire: un peuple entier ſortit du roy. aume par l'eſprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour recevoir ſous un autre ciel la communion ſous les deux eſpeces: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainſi & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clement Marot.

Page 242.] La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, & l'amour propre intereſſa bientot le ciel au deſtin des hommes.

For ſacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature urg'd thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV.

Ye godlike ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals with the bleſs'd inroll'd,
Say did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labour'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious love:
Thy ſoothing ſway

Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas, to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering god,
O ſquanderer of content and eaſe,
In thy abode
Will Care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, Deceiver, haſt thou won,
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honor, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offſpring of the ſky,
From Albion doſt thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing reverence to inſpire;
Who ſelfiſh, bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn;
Alas, of the forlorn
What joy, what praiſe, what hope can life pretend?

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs inquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;

But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the Day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Through noiſe and ſpleen and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs, harraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, a'ong the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore:

At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

THE END,

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